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The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



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MARION.

They told me she was fair. When first I gazed
An almost perfect face I looked upon.
A glorious face that, like a sad, sweet song
Did thrill my heart and linger there till now.
The passing breeze must smooth her brow and lift
The light, loose strands of tawny-gold to lay
Again upon her rounded cheek. A cheek
So pale and cold, the moonlight seemed to bathe
It still, with just a flush of coming dawn beneath.
In shadows lay her eyes so none might know
What name to call them by. Those soft, sweet eyes
With brilliant amber lights! The tempting curves
Of lips and chin and throat are Beauty's own.
And this is Marion, my love, my Marion.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A BRAHAM LINCOLN stands alone, the most conspicuous figure in American history. The chief actor in the most dramatic period of our national development, around him center all the important events of his time.

As we follow the course of his life we are, in reality, watching the development of an age-long struggle—namely, that between slavery and freedom.

Come with me to the city of New Orleans, the great center of slave trade in the South. It is a spring day in the year 1830. We hear the clanking of chains as gangs of negro slaves are hurried through the streets to the auction block.

We enter the auction room. All is confusion—spectators,

traders, owners, and auctioneers. Men, women, and children are handled like so many cattle. Mothers torn from their little ones, families separated forever. Man the slave, the bondsman, is sold to man the highest bidder.

Among those who witness this scene stands a tall, uncomely youth. Mark the expression of his plain but honest face; note his rough, homespun clothes; listen, as he passes out into the free air of heaven. He raises his strong right arm, and with trembling lips swears in the name of Eternal God to hit at slavery, and adds under his breath, "If the time ever comes I'll hit it hard."

More than twenty years have passed away since, on that bright spring morning in the year 1830, Lincoln stood in the streets of New Orleans, not quite half a century since his mother folded him a babe in her arms in the cheerless Kentucky home.

We see him standing before a vast throng of people, looking down into a sea of faces. His clothes are ill-fitting, his arms and hands protrude far through his coat sleeves, giving him an uncouth appearance.

He begins to speak. His eyes brighten, his form straightens, his countenance glows with the splendor of prophetic vision. He seems to our imagination some grand Hebrew prophet whose face is glorified by the bright prospect of a better day to come.

He places the issue of slavery upon its own ground. The first public man to attack this evil within its own limit, he stands, alone, undaunted, self-supporting.

The city of Washington. All is bustle and confusion. The morning trains have brought crowds of people to witness the inauguration of the first Republican President. The clatter of cavalry and the tramp of soldiers are heard in the streets.

A second time we see Abraham Lincoln standing before an expectant multitude. Fully one hundred thousand people wait with painful eagerness the words which shall fall from the lips of this man who, by the power of his personality alone, has risen from the humbleness of a log cabin to the highest position in the land. His voice, clear and distinct, is heard through the vast assemblage. He speaks of the solemn obligation he is about to take. He will maintain the authority of the government if it should be disputed by armed forces. Nevertheless, he will do nothing to provoke such a demonstration. "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, is the momentous issue of civil war. You can have no conflict without yourselves being the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the

government, while I shall have a most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it."

Friday, the twelfth of April, 1861. It is early morn. In the east the first faint glimpses of dawn appear. What is that light which darts across the sky, making its pathway towards the silent fort? It is a shell from James' Island, the signal of the terrible struggle to come; a challenge to a duel between brothers and kinsmen, a duel which only the faintness and weariness of death can decide.

After four long years the decision comes.

Lee and his army, the support of the Confederacy, surrender. The cause of the South is lost, the North filled with tumultuous rejoicing.

But see our pilot at the helm. With unerring judgment and almost superhuman foresight, his hand has guided the ship of state out from the troubled waters of strife and bloodshed into the calm of peace. The purpose which has dominated his life, the master passion of his soul has triumphed. The shackles have fallen from four million slaves.

Methinks I see his kindly face light up with hope and joy. His eyes look far away; into the past gratefully, into the future with the hope and expectation of a reunited country.

O night, cover with thy dark mantle the picture that rises before our eyes. O light of day, cease to shine upon a land so full of woe.

Did ever an Easter Sabbath dawn upon a people so stricken with grief, a nation so bowed with the heavy weight of sorrow? Those lips which have spoken for the rights of the slave are dumb. That heart which has trusted with firm faith in God, in his country, in his principles of freedom for all men, is silent forever. For him a martyr's death. For his country life and the triumph of freedom.

The broken chains at the feet of the slaves are the silent but eloquent witnesses of his victory.

—BERTHA L. IRVING, '01.

THE HARVEST MOON.

September and the harvest moon;
A calm, clear sky above;
A peaceful silence everywhere,
Disturbed but by the rustling leaves
The breeze is softly stirring.

Below, the winding river flows;
 The village in the distance.
 Above, a cosy farmhouse stands,
 Closely in among the hills
 In rustic beauty nestling.

Near by the corn field proudly rears
 Its yellow sheaves in order,
 And golden pumpkins in between,
 With faces round and jolly smiles
 The silvery beams reflecting.

The silence breaks. The raccoon's cry
 Is borne across the valley.
 Sly reynard's bark is also heard
 While leaping o'er the pasture brown
 In quest of midnight lunches.

Yet over all the moon shines on
 And smiles upon the scene—
 Fair Nature's best. 'Tis Autumn,
 The season of harvest time, that
 God's prophecy's fulfilled.

—'01.

LITTLE TED'S LAST MEMORIAL DAY.

AMONG the prettiest little villages in the South is Meriden. There the ravages and desolation of war were soon concealed, as far as possible, by the luxuriance of vegetation.

In the hearts of the people, however, never for an instant were the months of darkness, bringing horror and death, forgotten. Each Memorial Day stirred them to the depths. Almost every one had lost some one dear in the cause. It was their day, and, to them, a holy one.

There the parade and ceremonies were not for display, but to express some of the feeling in their hearts, never shown otherwise.

Even the children thought differently of these things than is general with children. All plays were stopped on that day. Their time was spent in gathering flowers and making wreaths with which to do honor to the brave men who had given up their lives, sacrifices for their beloved South. They never thought of it as a holiday on which they would be free from school, for nothing that would be out of the way on Sunday was allowed.

One of those who had suffered most in the village was Mrs. Barton. She had lost two brothers, her father, and her father-in-law in the terrible struggle. She had never seen one of them after they first started out. Her husband, however, had returned; but he was a helpless invalid. For years she had nursed him, wit-

nessing his agonies, terrible at times, but never uttering a murmur at the burdens laid upon her. As the Bartons were comparatively wealthy, she was able to devote her whole time to him and to Little Ted, their only child.

Little Ted, as he was always called, was a personage in himself. He was the true son and grandson of soldiers. When he was a mere baby, nothing afforded him such satisfaction as being allowed to look at his father's sword, while almost as soon as he could toddle alone, he could be seen bravely trying to march erect with a stick on his shoulder for a gun. He worshiped his father with intensity, and it was his greatest delight to listen to his thrilling stories of the war.

When Ted was seven years old, Colonel Barton began to weaken. He did not suffer as severely as he had previously, but he was not able to sit up as much. He tried to cheer up his wife, who became very anxious, by saying that he would surely be able to sit on the veranda the next Memorial Day, to help celebrate Little Ted's eighth birthday. As time went on, however, he failed more and more until within a week of the day. Then, strangely enough, he began to gain rapidly.

"See, Mary," he would say to his wife, "I will be out on the veranda next week, after all. I can sit up for an hour longer every day."

But the anxious look on her face deepened as he spoke. For some reason she never left him now, and he seemed quite content to have it so.

On Memorial Day, true to his prophecy, Colonel Barton was in his invalid's chair on the veranda. He was very much excited, too much so, the old doctor said. Little Ted was to lead a company of small boys in the parade, and he was as excited as his father. He lingered around, not able to stand or sit quietly, until it was time for him to hurry to the town hall. When he started, his father called him back and kissed him tenderly.

"Good-by, little one," he said. "Don't forget to look for father when you go past."

While waiting for the parade, the colonel was almost childishly eager, and when the familiar strains of "Down in Dixie" sounded down the street, Mrs. Barton had hard work to persuade him to sit still. There they were! It was not a large procession, but it meant a great deal to this man. When they stopped in front of the house to salute him as they had every Memorial Day; he struggled to his feet, for the first time in nine long years, and returned it. Then he sank back.

He was dead.

Little Ted saw his father fall and, in attempting to run through the crowd, was caught under the wheels of a carriage. They lifted him tenderly and carried him in. His mother, almost crazed with grief for the two most dear to her, had to wait many days for the final decision of the great surgeon sent for. At last he told her as gently as possible. Little Ted would never recover. He might live for years, but he would always be a cripple. The only thing that could be done was to make his life as pleasant as possible.

Under the necessity of caring for her boy, Mrs. Barton was able to divert her mind in many ways. Nothing was too good for Ted. Nothing could persuade her to leave him.

The little boy bore his fate bravely. No one ever heard him complain, no matter how hard the pain was. For the first time in his short life, Memorial Day passed without his having some part in the exercises. But, though he shed a few tears in secret, his mother saw the little face only with cheerful smiles upon it.

"I'll be better next year," he would say, and, surely, he did grow better gradually. At last he was able to sit up, though at first only for a few minutes at a time. On this day, however, he had been sitting up all the afternoon, and so he went to sleep, happy in the thought that perhaps he would get all well sometime.

Until long after the clock struck twelve, that night, the mother sat watching her boy. To think that this one, the very last left to her, was to be taken away! The very thought was agony. She was the only one who had seen the mark of the Death Angel on his brow. Her loving eyes could not be deceived. She knew that the dread messenger might claim her darling at any moment, though he might live yet for weeks. It is a terrible thing to wait and watch for the passing away of those we love.

Thursday, the next day, dawned bright and clear. But Mrs. Barton's heart was heavy, for Ted had had a relapse. For the next few days she fought desperately with death, and so successfully that on Tuesday, Ted was able to sit up again. To him the days before Thursday, Memorial Day, passed slowly, but at last the longed-for day dawned. Ted was slightly feverish. He certainly was no better.

Mrs. Barton hesitated about putting him on the veranda, but the bluff old doctor said to her when she anxiously consulted him, "It won't make any difference, Mrs. Barton. The disappointment would be much worse for him than the excitement. You had

better indulge him this time. It may be your last chance to give him pleasure, you know."

It was the first time she had heard her fears spoken by another, and her brain reeled. For a moment everything swam before her, but with a brave effort she soon steadied herself, then went into the house.

She dressed Ted carefully in the little uniform he had worn two years before. Poor little fellow. Everything fitted him, for he had not grown since the accident. His mother put on the last touches with trembling fingers. Did she know that it was for the last time?

At last all was ready and he was lifted tenderly and placed among the pillows on the veranda. He was just in time, for the parade was coming. Ah! There they all were! friends he had not seen for two years! His little heart swelled.

"Look, mamma! They've got the same band and the same boys—and—Oh, mamma! They haven't got any one in my place. Are they keeping it for me when I get well? Why—what are they stopping for? Oh, they're going to salute me. Just see them! May I salute them, mamma?"

"Yes, darling," answered his mother, no longer able to stifle her emotions.

She lifted him up in her arms and he proudly returned the salute,—then watched them march down the street.

When the last straggler disappeared from view, he laid his head on his mother's shoulder and sighed faintly. She bent her head quickly and heard him murmur so softly that she could barely hear him.

"Oh! I had such a perfectly lovely time."

Then her face grew white, for she saw that Little Ted's last Memorial Day was over.

—LAURA A. SUMMERBELL, '02.

A LIFE THAT "MISSED ITS HAPPINESS."

(Concluded.)

III.

"OH, my daughter! My little daughter! It can't be true. You must know me—your father. Speak sensibly to me, Annie, so that they'll *know* you are not insane, but that there is some terrible mistake. Talk to me, dear! I must take you away from this.—Isn't there *any* hope, doctor?"

"We always hope."

"But are you sure she is insane? It *can't* be true! None of us were ever insane, for generations back, and it is too cruel to

have it start in with my little Annie! It's worse than death—worse than death!"

"Inherited or not, she is certainly crazy. You will have to leave her now. The keeper will let you out."

And so he went forth—the aged father, stooping beneath his crushing sorrow. It almost stunned him to think that this alternately silent and foolishly chattering figure was his Annie. As soon as he had gathered himself together and recovered from his blow a little, he went straight to her home to inquire the cause of this overwhelming disaster. After a little he saw plainly the cause of it all. He believed that the root of the whole matter was that the sensitive, tender heart had been misunderstood and neglected till it could endure no longer. Knowing Annie's nature as he did, he saw after a talk with Arthur, as he never could have imagined, how her gentle spirit must have been wounded, how the loving heart not appreciated.

Arthur told in a matter-of-fact tone of voice the whole story, as follows:

"First along, we began to notice how she had headaches pretty often. I told her they come from havin' the youngones about so much and told her to let Ruby out with the others. But she wouldn't. She allays had peculiar ideas about Ruby, anyhow. Bimeby they got so bad that when she was havin' 'em hard, she wouldn't know what she was about. She'd say awful kind of funny things at them times—ask me if I thought she loved me enough and if she didn't think too much of Ruby, and all such funny things as them. She never could seem to want to git over our courtin' days. Fin'lly, she got so awful at them times that we'd have to fasten her down so's to keep her from hurtin' herself. At last she got so't she stayed that way all the time, and we had to send her away. Ruby 'n' me 'n' the baby's staying down to mother's. Come down, won't you? O, yes, the doctor says Annie'll come out of it all right, after a spell, so I don't worry much about her. No use borrowin' trouble, you know."

As Arthur finished his story, the old father could hardly control himself longer. His stern, grey eyes blazed with righteous rage and hate. His tall figure shook from head to foot with emotion and speechless anger, while for a moment a great wave of temptation rolled over him, almost bearing him on to throw aside his Christ-like principles of brotherly love, to turn and leap upon this creature who had spilled his daughter's cup of happiness and seemed to think it such a little thing, venting on him all his disgust, all his remorse, all his unspeakable heaviness of heart. But

it was over. He turned aside, hastily, anxious to get away from this indolent, careless fellow who was so hateful to him. As he walked along the lonely beach, he read in between the words of Arthur's story, going over it again and again. What a life the refined, pure girl must have lived these ten years since she had left her father's home! He could see it all—the terrible mistake she had made, the pain of mind she suffered when she discovered it, the weary, weary days since then, till now she knew not what she had suffered.

Arthur, with his pipe in his mouth, his hands in his pockets and his hat carelessly set on his head, strolled leisurely back to the wharf, where he spent his days as "custom-agent," telling and listening to long stories of various shades of truth, smoking and gossiping.

"Guess the old man's gone daft, too," he muttered, thinking of his queer actions after his talk with him. "Needn't make such a row because a woman's took it into her head to go crazy. Lots of 'em do. Wish she'd taken the youngones along with her—then I might a' had a little peace!"

When he saw the little ones of his Annie, the father longed to take them away from this place to his own home—the baby, a dear little fellow of two, and the gentle Ruby, the granddaughter so dear to him because of her likeness to her mother. But Arthur and his people would listen to none of it. A spirit of obstinate jealousy possessed them. They wanted nothing better for Ruby and the baby, they said, than they themselves had.

The broken-hearted shepherd returned, lonely and sad, to his flock, and ministered to them for a year or two longer.

After a few months, news was sent him that the baby had died. Almost unconsciously the words, "Thank the dear Lord," fell from his lips. They did not dare to tell Annie, they said, for she was getting better and they feared it might set her back.

Soon the joyful word was brought him that Annie was released from the asylum and was at her brother's house—in the same village. But it was some weeks before the happy father could reach her. Then it was too late. She was back again, at the asylum. The attendants said her last words as she went up the steps of that gloomy old building were: "If they only had let me have my Ruby, I shouldn't be back here. They said they didn't dare to, that I'd hurt her. As if I could hurt my only darling, now that baby's gone. They didn't understand me and I couldn't explain how I loved her. I know that I shall never see them again. Don't let Arthur come to see me, will you? I

hate him—O, I hate him!” And then her mind was gone again. Those were her last sensible words. She never came forth from those dark doors again. She is still there, an old woman, foolishly chattering to her attendants one day, the next so violent that they have to tie her down—a victim of neglect and cruel misunderstanding.

All her own fault, you say? Well, perhaps she ought to have known better. But she was young and had not yet learned life.

IV.

Ruby is grown up, now. Her loving old grandfather, whom she remembered so tenderly, was long since laid away to rest, in forgetfulness of sorrow. But her mother has left Ruby a legacy of unhappiness, with all her graces and delicate, refined instincts. For these are but reasons for her being, like her mother, neglected and even scorned by her father's people and even by her father himself, whose experience with her mother seems to have been forgotten by him. They call her “stuck-up” because of her inborn hatred of coarseness and loudness. She doesn't mean to show, poor girl, how her very soul revolts from the life they make her live, but she is too honest to be able to conceal it. She feels, she cannot help feeling, that she is different from the rest of them, and she longs, with all the powers of her being, to fly away from it all. She hasn't even any love for her father to hold her down. For she thinks of her dear, sweet mother, now that she is old enough to understand it, and she feels that, whether he knows it or not, her father is the cause of her mother's strange trouble.

But Arthur will listen to none of her pleadings to be sent away to school. He says he doesn't see why she should have anything better than he “and the rest of his folks” had. She tries to make him understand that if he would listen to her, she would soon be able to be earning and supporting herself, and thus be relieving him of the burden. But he always replies that he guesses he'll get rid of her soon enough, if he wants to. “There's a dozen young fellows around that 'ud have her in a minute if they could get her.” Such talk as that always silences her. For a suggestion of such a repulsive thought makes her shudder.

There she is, still struggling to keep her innate ideals. But it will not be thus always. Soon, either she will become so weary of it all, as her mother did, that the strain will wear her out; or she will get discouraged with struggling, and thinking it useless and idle, and herself foolishly mistaken, will gradually become but another one of the “humdrum” women about her.

Which shall it be? Time alone can answer. —1902.



"AT MAIL TIME."

The Junior looked annoyed. Usually when the mail came in on Tuesdays, the Junior was the merriest of the crowd surrounding the office window. But this evening he had received his letter in silence. He did not bandy words with the friendly old postmaster, nor laugh at the third blue envelope which Ted Morgan had received within a week. Plainly there was something on the Junior's mind.

Outside on the doorsteps, a group watched the Junior uneasily. "Bet he don't go," muttered one with a frown, and they all glanced again at the dark form by the window. He could feel their eyes upon him as he turned the last page of the letter and read: "Tuesday will be Hallowe'en. Do you remember the jolly parties we used to have at home, and the tricks we tried?"

Did he remember? All day he had been thinking of those parties and of one to which he was invited that evening. The boys outside were waiting for him to go, and some one else would be looking for him, as she was learning to look for him, at all the town's festivities. But the little girl at home? She believed him too busy with his studies to attend Hallowe'en parties, and in her trusting heart never dreamed of this young lady who was belle of the town.

All this the Junior had been thinking over during the day, and now as the letter was placed gently in his pocket, he turned to the door.

"I'm not going to-night, boys. I have letters to write."

And a low whistle was the only reply.

—'OI.

HOW THOSE SOPHOMORES CELEBRATED HALLOWE'EN.

In every college there are girls who never can, or at least never will, resist the temptation of having a real good time; and if the opportunities for such a good time are slow in presenting themselves they are quite likely to be created by these enterprising bad girls. As you know, these girls are usually Sophomores who, not yet having reached the dignity of the upper classes and having just passed from the closely guarded prison of Freshmanism, must vent their feelings of unbounded joy upon something or somebody, be that what or who it may.

Several years ago, when one of our best known eastern colleges had not yet attained its present popularity, there was in our Sophomore Class there a girl whose cup of happiness was full when she could play a real good practical joke. She was of medium height, with jet-black hair and deep, dark eyes twinkling continually with the fun which seemed to be the very mainspring of her whole nature. She would relate at supper table the most commonplace incidents in such a way as to keep the girls in a continual uproar.

One night I saw Kitty whispering mysteriously to two or three of the girls, the outcome of which was that we met in her room, we four, directly after supper. When the door was safely locked and the curtains drawn, Kitty broke out with, "I've found out the loveliest thing, girls."

And then she proceeded to tell us how, while she had been studying that afternoon in the corner made by a picket fence and large shade tree in the yard, Miss Bee and Mr. Kay of the Freshman Class had met upon the sidewalk close by the fence and agreed to walk upon the mountain close by the campus on Hallowe'en night,—giving up that most enjoyable of events, the Freshman Hallowe'en party. "I would just like in some way to get ahead of that new rule of the President's," Miss Bee had said. "So I'll go up there early in the evening and you just happen to meet me." And Mr. Kay agreed. "Now I'll tell you how to have some fun, girls," Kitty said eagerly. Then followed a half hour of as skilful and earnest deliberation and council as was ever held in a general's tent on the eve of some great battle.

On the eve of Hallowe'en, directly after tea, four girls might have been seen quietly leaving the Hall, each with a large, mysterious looking bundle under her arm. Arrived in the deep shadow of a monstrous pine the bundles were rapidly undone, and our four young ladies appeared as if touched by the magi-

cian's wand, quickly transformed into tall ghosts completely shrouded in flowing white.

"Look! there they are, up near the top," Nan whispered. As gracefully as possible, considering the rocky path and dense underbrush, our four ghosts climbed to a place within a few feet of the top. Miss Bee and Mr. Kay were sitting down upon the rock with their faces turned from us.

We rose silently from our crouching posture, and in single file glided forth from the shade of the trees and upon the bare top of the mountain. Kitty, the leader, had glided barely half way across the open when Miss Bee caught a glimpse of something white passing behind her. "O-o-oh!" she shrieked, and made a dash for the side of the mountain we had just left. Mr. Kay leaped straight forward and down upon the hard rock five feet below, and soon we heard him scrambling through the underbrush far beneath. We quickly dismantled and returned to our rooms. Once there we laughed to our hearts' content.

Miss Bee was present at recitation next morning with white face and frightened eyes. Mr. Kay, we heard, had sprained his ankle while going up stairs to his room the night before.

Moral: Never try to outwit the President; for if you break his rules your punishment will surely come.

—L., 1901.

Alumni Round-Table.

PERSONAL.

'71.—Hon. J. M. Libby of Mechanic Falls, has been elected a member of the Maine House.

'77.—Hon. H. P. Noble of Phillips, has been elected State Senator from Franklin County.

'78.—H. A. Rundlett, M.D., had an article in the *New York Medical Review*.

'83.—C. J. Atwater is practicing law at Seymour, Conn. His visit at the last Bates commencement was the first that he has made since his graduation.

'85.—W. B. Small, M.D., is the medical expert employed on the murder case of Jessie Cobb, which is attracting considerable attention.

'82.—Stephen A. Lowell has written a very able article on "Expansion" for the first number of the *Northwest Live Stock*.

'82.—W. H. Dresser of Ellsworth, has been elected superintendent of schools of that city.

'85.—Charles True Walter is the editor of the *St. Johnsbury Republican*, one of the best and most prosperous papers in Vermont.

'87.—E. C. Hayes has just sailed for Europe with his wife, Mrs. Anna (Bean) Hayes, '93. He is to enter upon the study of sociology in Berlin University.

'88.—W. F. Tibbetts, graduate student at Chicago University and Professor of Latin in Cannwood Institute, Chicago, spent the summer with his family at Sabattus.

'90.—Miss Mary F. Angell is president of the Social and Literary Guild of Lewiston.

'90.—H. J. Piper has been settled as pastor of the Free Baptist church at Dexter, Me.

'91.—A. F. Gilmore, Esq., of Turner, has been elected to the House from his district.

'91.—Nelson G. Howard is superintendent of schools at Hingham, Mass.

'91.—William S. Mason is superintendent of schools at Epping, N. H.

'92.—Jacob R. Little, Esq., of Lewiston, was elected one of the Representatives from Lewiston at the last election.

'92.—A. P. Davis is pastor of the Free Baptist church at Lynn, Mass.

'92.—E. E. Osgood is pastor of the Free Baptist church at Newmarket, N. H.

'93.—W. F. Sims has been re-elected principal of the Southboro (Mass.) High School.

'96.—H. L. Douglass of Gardiner is principal of the Highland Avenue Grammar School in that city.

'96.—W. B. Cutts has entered upon his studies in the Harvard Law School.

'97.—E. F. Cunningham is teaching in the Sudbury, Mass., High School.

'98.—T. S. Bruce was in Lewiston recently as captain of the foot-ball team of Newton Theological Seminary, where he is pursuing a course of study.

'98.—Henry Hawkins is pursuing a course of study in the Pennsylvania University Medical School.

'98.—Miss Mary H. Perkins is an assistant in the Deering (Me.) High School.

'98.—A. A. Knowlton, instructor in physics in Carleton College, has been engaged in graduate work during the summer at Chicago University.

'98.—A. D. True has been elected principal of Stevens Academy, Bluehill, Me.

'98.—R. H. Tukey is continuing graduate work at Harvard.

'99.—Oscar C. Merrill is principal of the Lubec (Me.) High School.

'99.—E. B. Tetley was married October 3d to Miss Josie May Linscott of Orr's Island, Me.

'99.—Miss Wildie Thayer is publishing a serial story in the *Morning Star*.

'99.—F. E. Pomeroy studied Biology at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl, this summer.

1900.—Frank P. Ayer is principal of the High School in Rutland, Mass.

1900.—Florence W. Lowell is teaching in the South Paris High School.

1900.—Mabel E. Marr is teaching in the North Yarmouth Academy.

1900.—Miss E. S. Parker is teaching in the South Portland High School.

1900.—Lester L. Powell has entered upon his studies in Harvard Law School.

1900.—Clara M. Trask is an assistant in the McGraw Normal Institute, Reed's Ferry, N. H.

1900.—W. A. Robbins was married, August 1st, to Miss Fannie Adelaide Stanley, of Batavia, N. Y.

1900.—A. W. Wing has engaged in clerical work in Washington, D. C., and has also entered upon the study of law at Columbian University.

1900.—Miss H. D. Proctor is teaching in Stevens Academy, Bluehill, Me.

1900.—H. E. Dunham is teaching the Grammar School at Methuen, Mass.

1900.—Miss A. E. Beal is teaching in the Stevens Academy, Bluehill, Me.

1900.—Manter and Butterfield are continuing their course in Cobb Divinity School.

Around the Editors' Table.

IN order to stimulate story writing and to bring to light any, perchance, hidden talent that may exist in our midst, the STUDENT offers the following prizes for the best short stories for Carbonette or Literary departments:

1. For the best short story, \$5.00.
2. For the second best, \$3.00.

Stories to be submitted under the following conditions:

1. They shall be submitted to the editor on or before 12 M., Saturday, November 10, 1900.
2. They shall contain not more than 1,200 words.
3. They shall be signed with fictitious names.
4. Originality in subject and treatment shall be considered first in the awarding of the prizes.
5. The editors reserve the right of withholding prizes should articles be considered unworthy by the judges, also the right to publish any article at their discretion.

The contest is open to all students, and it is hoped that a large number will take advantage of the opportunity not only to benefit themselves, but to support the STUDENT in furnishing it with the best the college affords.

NOW that higher education for women is no longer an experiment, but its success or failure may be judged by mature results, the college girl bears a great responsibility. Critics, non-advocates of collegiate training for women, are very ready to discover wherein the experiment has failed, to point out the respects in which the college girl is inferior to her home-bred sister. Do the four years of college work and associations narrow the girl's mind, put her less at ease in the positions society asks her to fill later,—finally, do they tend to take away or diminish the qualities which a real lady must possess? Some say so. Whether or not the assertion is well-grounded, whether the girl does or does not find at college the broadening influences and culture she seeks, it is not possible to discuss in this article. Yet it seems well to bring the thought to our girls, that they may be watchful, for we would not have critics gather evidence from Bates women. In our college, as in others, there is often a cry for more "social life," something which will refine and give culture. But is it social life we need? Suppose a college girl

should use every opportunity offered her to learn gentleness, courtesy, refinement, kindness, sympathy, from those with whom she is in daily or occasional association; and suppose at the same time she endeavors to show these elements of culture in her everyday bearing, would there be question of her right to the title "lady"; in after years would she be ill at ease in meeting the people of the world; would the poor, the sorrow-stricken, feel any lack of true and graceful sympathy? No, it surely is not more social life we need, but a better use of that we have; a forgetfulness of self, a withdrawing often from the clique it pleases us to be in, in order to give more of ourselves to those about us,—whether to a little one at the College Settlement, some poor crossing-sweeper, or a fellow-student—and to learn from others the lessons they may teach us. Let the college girl cultivate choice vocabulary, quietness of bearing, a sympathetic heart, perfect unselfishness, and the world will be quick to recognize the true gentlewoman, will be glad to approve the higher intellectual training and the new associations which our colleges are now offering to women.

WHICH society are you going to join? is the question most commonly asked in these early weeks of the term. The literary societies constitute an old and threadbare subject which thrusts itself upon the STUDENT Board for consideration once a year, just as surely and just as regularly as the Fall term comes round and a new Freshman Class enters to follow in the footsteps of the old. This matter of a choice of literary society and literary and social home for four years is a most tender spot to some of our so-called "pullers" and it must be touched upon most carefully in their presence. Each society is working, O, so diligently, so carefully, to add to its own ranks more of the entering class than either of the other societies. Spare thoughts, spare moments, on the steps, the campus, in the class-room, are given to seeking the comfort and pleasure of the Freshmen. And this with no higher purpose, oftentimes, than to gain one more name for "our society." If the Freshmen could see right into the motive for our actions and know what it is that causes us to give the kindly smile or helpful suggestion, how many of them do you suppose would join our individual society? It is all wrong—wholly wrong. The smile of friendship, the helpful companionship should be given and given freely, but from a heart which is overflowing with the desire to help and to lead these new students on to higher aims in life—to a realization of the nobility and

strength of character which we as college students are seeking to acquire. In our canvass for new members let us refrain from all selfishness and seek to impress upon these students the fact that our society, each society, stands for the upbuilding of character, socially, mentally, spiritually. Then and only then shall we have done away with that disgraceful and harmful system called "pulling."

IT is with no little interest and pleasure that we watch the progress of the work on the new Coram Library Building. Although some of us will not have the privilege of enjoying the increased opportunities which it will bring, we are glad that they are to be offered to the students who are just beginning their college course, and trust that they will be appreciated and improved. Too often, however, the student plods on through his regular daily work, forgetful of the larger opportunities for culture and enjoyment which college affords. Among these opportunities none are more valuable than those offered by the college library. Here are assembled all the great and masterly thinkers of every age and nation, waiting to be introduced to the student and become his life-long friend. Now who would not esteem highly the friendship of such grand intellects as Plato and Demosthenes, whose wise philosophy and strong oratory cannot fail to make us deeper thinkers and more ready speakers. Who would not be interested in the thought of Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante, or enjoy the companionship of Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, and a hundred others that we might name. What culture and enjoyment would be derived from such acquaintance and friendship, and yet while all this is for the student, many of us neglect it until late in our course. The taste for reading should be cultivated as early in life as possible. Lubbock has said, "Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail to make a happy man." No better habit, then, can be formed by a student at the very beginning of his course, than that of systematic reading in connection with his regular work. Life is surely too short to be spent wholly in toil, with no thought of enjoyment, and the student who cultivates a taste for good literature while in college makes his course doubly profitable.

Local Department.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Although the work of last year in Bible Study was one of great interest and value, that of this year gives promise of even greater. A slight delay has been caused by the illness of the Chairman of the Bible Study Committee, Mr. Stevens. The classes, however, have begun their work, meeting every Monday evening at 6.30. The Seniors and Sophomores, studying the Acts and Epistles, meet in Eurosophia, led by Mr. Wilson. The Juniors take up Old Testament characters, meeting in Piæria, under the leadership of Mr. Roberts. The Freshmen taking Sharman's Life of Christ, with Mr. Stevens as leader. All young men are invited to enter these classes at any time.

The young men among the entering class are manifesting exceptional interest in the work of the Y. M. C. A. Their earnestness is felt and appreciated, and goes far toward compensating for our loss of workers in the last graduating class.

Mr. H. W. Hicks, traveling secretary for the Y. M. C. A., who spent October 15th and 16th at Cobb Divinity School, is planning to spend a few days with us in the near future.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Bible Study Rally has resulted in a report of forty girls for Bible study. Although at one time it was thought to condense the different classes into one, under Professor Purinton, that plan was found inadvisable, and the four classes will soon begin a systematic course. Seniors and Juniors under Mrs. Rand; Sophomores under Miss Gosline, 1902; Freshmen under Misses Dow and Libby, 1901. It is earnestly hoped that the result of conscientious and prayerful study may find expression in a deepened and consecrated spiritual life in our midst.

The Association has been favored with a two days' visit from Miss Sherman, a student volunteer. Miss Sherman addressed the girls Monday evening, October 8th, in the rooms at Cheney Hall, bringing the same message Radcliffe enjoyed but a few days before—"The Importance of the Morning Watch." Tuesday evening, in the Association room, Miss Sherman again spoke, picturing student life and woman's position in heathen lands. It was earnestly urged that we, a band of Christian students, should most tenderly remember in our prayers the students in other lands, who are becoming atheists in great numbers. Let us take this suggestion and thus help to broaden our own lives.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

THAT WARNING.

Before our bulletin a boy,
 Whose hair rose 'neath his dip,
 There stood. A downy growth
 Concealed his upper lip.

You all know what it said,
 (Struck terror to his heart!)
 That he must with his pride
 Immediately part.

A Junior passed the youth,
 On his face sadness read;
 Then grasping Freshie's hand
 Our Junior wisely said:

"Remember this proverb—
 You'll always find it right—
 You need have 'nary' fear,
 For barking dogs don't bite."

Dexter, 1902, is teaching at East Peru.

Park, 1902, is teaching at Jonesport, Me.

What has become of our debating league?

Channell, 1901, has secured a school at Durham.

Science Hall has recently been fitted up with gas.

Miss Babcock, 1902, is teaching at Andover, N. H.

The Sophomores spent a very pleasant day at Lake Grove recently.

We regret that Miss Lamb, 1901, who was with us for a few days, was unable to stay.

We regret that nothing definite has been accomplished as yet in regard to the Bowdoin foot-ball game.

The Sophomore Class was entertained at the home of the President on Monday evening, October 15th.

Stevens, 1901, after a partial recovery from his illness, was compelled to have an operation for appendicitis.

Bachelor, 1901, who has just closed his work at Intervale House, Intervale, N. H., has returned to college.

Hon. N. S. Purinton, one of the trustees of the college, has been appointed private secretary to Governor-elect Hill.

1903 welcomes Wellman as a member of their class. Mr. Wellman took his Freshman year at University of Maine.

The Athletic Association wishes to acknowledge the receipt of \$80 as a gift from the Class of 1900, presented at their graduation last June.

Moore, 1901, has been chosen chairman of Polymnia's Executive Committee, filling the vacancy made by the resignation of Williams, 1901.

Williams, 1901, who was compelled to leave college a few weeks ago, continues to be unwell, and it is quite doubtful if he is able to return this fall.

Professor Robinson and the Sophomores are having full control of the chapel every afternoon, from whence varied noises proceed as day by day the would-be supporters of Bryan and McKinley are being trained for future service. The first public appearance will be about October 24th.

The Freshman Class officers have been chosen as follows: President, Guy L. Weymouth; Vice-President, Fred W. Wallace; Secretary, Miss Ethelyn G. White; Treasurer, Eugene B. Smith; Executive Committee, Milton L. Luce, Judson C. Briggs, James G. Allen, Miss Sara M. Davis, Miss Abby L. Barker.

We are glad to note that work on our new library building is being rapidly pushed along. It is planned to have the building up and roofed this fall, so that work on the interior can be carried on during the winter. The library will not only supply a long-felt need, but also will add much to the beauty and adornment of our campus. The STUDENT hopes to be able to give to its readers the plans of the building, in a later number.

Over one hundred volumes have been added to our library since the opening of the present term. Of this number ten are the gifts of the Alumni Association. The last three volumes of Lord's "Beacon Lights of History" have been secured, making the work in the library complete. We would make special mention of a volume presented by Mr. Clarence C. Smith, Bates, '88. The book is entitled, "Land Registration Act of Massachusetts." The volume contains some introductory notes by the Recorder, Mr. Smith, also a fine index.

The Male Glee Club has already begun its work and the old familiar strains come to our ears, as in the early evening the boys meet in the chapel for rehearsals. The prospects for the club are very good, indeed, and it is hoped that it will receive the hearty support of all those who are interested in music, not only for the benefit their support will render to the club, but also for the real

value it will bring to the individual members. Any young man wishing to join is requested to mention the fact to the Secretary, Mr. Wallace. The following are the newly elected officers: President, C. E. Wheeler, '01; Vice-President, C. F. Donnocker, '02; Treasurer, J. Bragg, '01; Secretary, F. W. Wallace, '04; Director, L. Roys, '01; Manager, J. A. Hunnewell, '02; Advisory Board, L. Roys, '01, W. H. Ellingwood, '01, W. E. Sullivan, '02.

FOOT-BALL.

It has been stated how severely our foot-ball team has suffered from the loss of the six able men who graduated in the Class of 1900. As far as we can learn, no college in New England is suffering so much in this respect as is Bates.

Yet there is one thing noticeable this year which exceeds that of any previous year. It is the spirit which they have towards the players and the enthusiasm they show in regard to the prospects of the team.

A more difficult task would be hard to allot to any man than that which was placed upon our praiseworthy captain. To pick a winning team from thirty-five men who had no reputation as foot-ball players with the exception of a few, was no small task. Nevertheless we had the chance on October 3d of seeing our "new" team beat the Newtons. Although the game could be criticised in many ways, we took into consideration that it was the first game of the season, and felt proud to think we had begun the season with a victory.

The game was played in two fifteen-minute halves. Score—Bates 5, Newtons 0.

NEWTONS.

Porter, l. e.....	r. e., Moody
Robbin, l. t.....	r. t., Jordan
Bruce, l. g.....	r. g., Hunt
Fish, c.....	c., Baldwin
Cheesbro, r. g.....	l. g., Hunnewell
Pinkham, r. t.....	l. e., Blanchard
Warden, r. e.....	q. b., Gould
Huse, q. b.....	r. h. b., Dunfield (Munro)
Hill, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Towne (Wellman)
Skilton, f. b.....	f. b., Hamlin

BATES.

On October 10th the team had the honor of lining up against the best team that ever marched upon a gridiron, as men of good judgment say. The Yale men which compose the foot-ball team are athletic in the true sense and play the game in a way which almost demands admiration. The score seemed very large to many, but was not at all discouraging to our team, for the knowl-

edge which they received that day they consider very valuable to them in the coming games. The team was entertained in a royal manner, and the attention which it received from the Yale men is surely worthy of mention.

The game was played in twenty and fifteen-minute halves.

Score—Yale 50, Bates 0.

YALE.

Gould, l. e.....	r. e., Moody
Kunzig (Swan), l. t.....	r. t., Jordan
Hamlin (Sheldon), l. g.....	r. g., Hunnewell
Stillman, r. t.....	c., Baldwin
Coy (Ward), r. e.....	l. g., Hunt
Weare (Fincke), q. b.....	l. t., Dennett
Sharpe, l. h. b.....	l. e., Cole
Cook, r. h. b.....	q. b., Allen
Hale, f. b.....	r. h. b., Wellman
Brown, r. g.....	l. h. b., Dunfield
Olcott, c.....	f. b., Small

BATES.

October 17th the Bates team lined up against Harvard on Soldiers' Field at 4 P.M.

One could easily see from the beginning that it was Harvard's determination to "pile up" as large a score as did Yale. Although the score was large, yet the game had many interesting features, and Harvard was not successful in obtaining the large score of 50 points.

The team showed a wonderful improvement since the Yale game. Once during the game at Cambridge we had the ball close to Harvard's goal, inside the twenty-five yard line, and during the game we gained over forty yards, while in the Yale game we gained but ten.

The game was played in two twenty-minute halves.

Score—Harvard 41, Bates 0.

HARVARD.

Campbell, l. e.....	r. e., Moody
Graydon (Eaton), l. t.....	r. t., Jordan
Lee (Hollingsworth), l. g.....	r. g., Hunt
Sargent (Roberts), c.....	c., Baldwin
Barnard, r. g.....	l. g., Holden
J. Lawrence, r. t.....	l. t., Hunnewell
Ristine, r. e.....	l. e., Cole
Daly, q. b.....	q. b., Gould
Kernan (W. Lawrence), l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Munro
Kendall, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Towne
Ellis (Stillman), f. b.....	f. b., Small

BATES.

College Exchanges.

AS the first falling leaves of autumn are slowly scattered on the ground, so a few September exchanges have timidly found their way to the editor's table. Since they are so very few in number, it will be necessary to include them all in a few lines and deal in generalities for the most part.

Old friends come to us in unfamiliar covers, and within these covers are new departments testifying to the excellent work of new Boards of Editors. For years the Exchange editors have been laying down rules for the standard of college magazines, and for years to come, the cry will probably be, "more literary matter." In the present numbers an abundance of verse partly compensates for the dearth of stories and sketches. The quality of college verse is strikingly better than its prose, as a rule.

"To a Boy in School," in the *Georgetown College Journal*, and "A Retrospect," in *Silver and Gold*, are verses with the true poetic ring.

In the *Doane Owl* "Some Fellow-Travelers" gives proof of how well little incidents may be written up, and of how many interesting things we let pass unnoticed.

The dreamy, flowing style of "The Old Military Road," in the *University Cynic*, is well adapted to the thought.

A new exchange, *The Optimist*, comes to us in an exceedingly attractive form. While not a college publication, it affords a medium for young authors having bright ideas and knowing how to felicitously express them. From its pages we clip the following, entitled "Smokin' Cornsilk:"

Me an' Jim is gittin' men,
Smokin' cornsilk.
We aint hardly up ter ten,
Smokin' cornsilk.
But we jes' kin do it fine,
Jes' like his pa an' like mine.
Yu'd never know Jim's only nine,
Smokin' cornsilk.

After school, behin' th' barn,
Smokin' cornsilk.
Puffin' smoke an' swearin' "Darn,"
Smokin' cornsilk.
Gotter watch er ma'll ketch yer,
Smokin's suthin' she won't let yer,
Feller's gotter be brave, yer betcher,
Smokin' cornsilk.

Burns yer tongue an' smarts yer eye,
 Smokin' cornsilk.
 Makes yer cough an' makes yer cry,
 Smokin' cornsilk.
 But yer gotter be a man,
 Puff away th' bes' yer can,
 Shows a feller's got th' san',
 Smokin' cornsilk.

Why it's almos' reely true,
 Smokin' cornsilk.
 Candy ones aint no good—pooh!
 Smokin' cornsilk.
 When yer make a cigarette
 Cornsilk's jes' th' stuff, you bet,—
 It's a thing you don't forget,
 Smokin' cornsilk.

SONG.

Deep from the waving grass
 I dream away to the blue,
 Watching the white clouds pass,
 Like my soul in quest of you;

Watching the breezes brighten
 The world of my hilltop view,
 And the fringe of the forest whiten,
 Like my soul at thoughts of you.

—*East and West.*

SUNSET.

The mystic yellow tinting in the sky—
 That pond of fiery, glowing, nebulous,
 Love-weary sunlight dying in the west.
 Ah—Love, if thou must perish it were best,
 Forgetting all my sorrow's over-plus,
 I say a last grief-sanctified "Good-bye."
 Then sink with glories that thy reign yet mark,
 Sink beauty-faint into the swelling dark,
 Thy Lethe and thy rest.

—*The Occident.*

Our Book-Shelf.

*The Sons of the Wolf*¹, by Jack London, is one of the late arrivals in the book world and one which has already created much interest there. The book is a collection of tales of the Klondike—the first book having its scene laid in this region. Mr. London shows us the human character as it is portrayed among the rough, kind-hearted people there. The book is written in a smooth, flowing style and is one of the few works of prose which have the beauty of poetry. The vivid descriptions of the great Northland, its long, long twilight season; the weird appearance of the flaming sun low in the horizon; the White Silence, when the sun never rises and no human, no living thing breaks in upon the death-like stillness; the awful presence of the Creator who alone is near—awful for him who loves not God, full of peace for him who rests in the assurance that he is His. The book is one of rare beauty and merit.

*Deeper Yet*² is the suggestive title of a little book written by Clarence E. Eberman, containing meditations for the Quiet Hour. His effort is to lead men to a practical Christianity, and he gives in this book that which is needed to accomplish it, namely, a “cheery, bright, hopeful series of meditations” which inspire and strengthen. Among the subjects touched upon are The Incense of Prayer; Seeing Jesus; The Divine Partnership; The Vision of God; The Higher Life; God’s Property; The Divine Pattern; God’s Summits. The book is written with a deep spiritual earnestness and conviction that impresses both the mind and heart of the reader, while the simplicity of its language enables it to be understood by every one. For deepening and enriching the spiritual life the book is a most valuable help.

*The History of English and American Literature*³, by Charles F. Johnson, LL.D., is a complete aid to the study of our literature. Although the author has intended the book more especially as a text-book for use in colleges and schools, it is of exceeding value as a book of reference. The biographical matter to be memorized and the critical matter to be read, are generally kept in separate paragraphs. Believing that every author is a product of his times and social conditions, each chapter has brief references to events bearing on social development, changes in political and religious theory, and to advances in the industrial arts. The author starts at the very beginning of English literature and traces it through the various periods to the present time. In American literature the Colonial and National periods are discussed. Quotations from the literature of the different periods are chosen in such a way as to give, when the study is completed, a good general idea of the literature of each period and the progress made from one period to another. Questions and references close each chapter. A pleasant and helpful addition to this book are the portraits of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Scott, Carlyle, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Emerson, together with fac-similes of their autographs.

*Up in Maine*⁴, by Holman F. Day, is a collection of verse written by one of the leading editors of the *Lewiston Journal*, and has in the short time since its publication already met with almost unlimited popularity in other states as well as our own. It is not one of those books which endure but

for a season, but one which will live and be issued for generations to come, until sometime future ethnologists will read it for a knowledge of the good old Yankee folks long since passed away. We can but add our testimony to that of many others when we say that the book does fill a long-felt want and one which could be remedied by none better than Mr. Day. His verse shows an intimate connection with and knowledge of "old Yankee folks," their ways, customs, pleasures, ambitions, their humor and common sense. The Hon. Charles E. Littlefield gives a bright and characteristic introduction, and the book contains several appropriate cuts.

The most recent addition to the Standard Literature Series (several of whose volumes have been reviewed in the STUDENT), is James K. Paulding's *The Dutchman's Fireside*⁵, a story presenting a truthful and very interesting picture of Dutch life and manners in New York a hundred and fifty years ago, and prepared for use in schools, with an introduction and notes.

Holmes' *First Reader*⁶ is one of the most practical of the text-books recently published, and might well be called "The Child's Complete Educator." First in the book are given the letters of the alphabet in vertical handwriting and print; then pictures and names of objects familiar to a child. The book has several new and distinctive features. Among them are the colored pictures of flowers, fruits, etc., with their names. By a clever arrangement the colored flower-buds give the child not only a knowledge of the appearance of the flower itself, but they teach him the principles of addition and the writing of the name of the flower in the vertical form. Later the formation of colors, the forms of geometric figures, spelling, and simple, practical lessons in morality, are brought in with surprising ingenuity. The book is a decided advance over all previous primers and first readers, and must supersede them as the first text-book placed in the hands of the little student.

Mary Cameron. *A Romance of Fisherman's Island*⁷, by Edith A. Sawyer, is a strong, sweet, fine story set in the scenery of the coast of Maine. To this charming little book Harriet Prescott Spofford prefaces a most beautiful description of the scenery of the Maine coast, her early home. Only one harsh criticism can be made of the book, and that is the striking similarity of its characters and treatment to Miss Susan Warner's "Nobody." The central theme is the same; the principal characters are the same, both in number and in temperament; the general movement and the outcome of the story is the same. Miss Sawyer's story is, however, presented in a newer, fresher form, and is written in a simple, beautiful style. Readers of Miss Warner's "Nobody" will be pleased to note the resemblances and differences between the two stories.

We acknowledge the receipt of Count Leo Tolstoi's *Awakening*, from Street & Smith, publishers.

¹The Sons of the Wolf. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

²Deeper Yet. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. \$0.50.

³History of American and English Literature. American Book Company, New York.

⁴Up in Maine. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

⁵The Dutchman's Fireside. University Publishing Co., New York. \$0.20, \$0.30.

⁶Holmes' First Reader. University Publishing Co., New York. \$0.20, \$0.30.

⁷Mary Cameron. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

NOTES.

Bowdoin has recently received a legacy of \$500,000.

College political clubs are quite numerous this fall. Interest in politics seems to be quite general.

Following are some of the more important foot-ball games scheduled for the season:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13.

Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge.

Yale vs. Dartmouth, at Newton.

Princeton vs. Annapolis, at Annapolis.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17.

Princeton vs. Syracuse University, at Princeton.

Columbia vs. Stevens, at New York.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20.

Harvard vs. West Point, at West Point.

Yale vs. Wesleyan, at New Haven.

Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia.

Tufts vs. Dartmouth.

Brown vs. University of Chicago, at Chicago.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27.

Harvard vs. Indians, at Cambridge.

Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca.

Yale vs. Columbia, at New York.

Princeton vs. Brown, at Providence.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

Yale vs. West Point, at West Point.

Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

Princeton vs. Columbia, at New York.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge.

Yale vs. Indians, at New Haven.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Hanover.

Yale vs. Princeton, at Princeton.

Pennsylvania vs. Indians, at Philadelphia.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

Harvard vs. Yale, at New Haven.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.

West Point vs. Annapolis, at Philadelphia.

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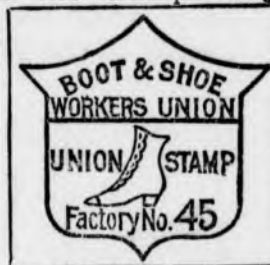


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